

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

W E D N E S D A Y, JUNE 1, 1796.

[No. 48.]

Curious Account of the FRATERNITY OF THE PENITENTS OF LOVE, an institution established in Languedoc some centuries ago.

THE superstition and enthusiasm which marked the religion of the age, had communicated their peculiarities to the military spirit, and even to the amorous passion of the times; and indeed, in no one case was it ever carried to a greater pitch of extravagance, than by the present fraternity; which was supported by a kind of contention between its male and female members, who should best sustain the honour of amorous fanaticism.

Their object was to prove the excess of their love, by bearing with invincible constancy, the extremes of heat and cold. Accordingly, the resolute knights and squires, the dames and damsels, who had the hardiness to embrace this severe institution, dressed themselves, in the heat of summer, with the thickest mantles, lined with the warmest furs.

By this they demonstrated, according to the ancient poets, and those who strove to immortalize their gallant virtues, that 'love works the most wonderful and extraordinary changes.'

In winter, their love, still deaf to the ignoble voice of comfort and convenience, again perverted the dictates of the seasons. They then clothed themselves in the lightest and thinnest stuffs that could be procured. It was a crime to wear fur on a day of the most piercing cold; or to appear with a hood, cloak, gloves, or muff.

The flame of love kept them sufficiently warm!

Fires all the winter were utterly banished from their houses; and they dressed their apartments with evergreens; and in the most intense frosts, their beds were covered only with a piece of canvass.

Thus accommodated, and thus attired, they passed the greater part of the day abroad, wandering about from castle to castle, wherever they were summoned by the inviolable duties of love and gallantry; so that many of these devotees, during so desperate a pilgrimage, perished by the inclemency of the weather; and received the crown of martyrdom to their profession.

Is it not strange that the ingenuity of man should be so frequently and so successfully exerted to curtail life and

to destroy its comforts? While, at the same time, he has never been ashamed, in any age or country, to complain of the shortness of existence, and the paucity of its enjoyments! The severe precepts of mistaken religion, it seems, are sometimes insufficient for our torment, and we are obliged to pervert the sources even of the dearest delights and relaxations, to fill up the idle catalogue of voluntary sufferings. In matters of love, however, at least, we are at length grown wiser; and the love stricken maidens and amorous youths of the present day, prefer less severe ways of proving their attachment: and (notwithstanding all the noise which is sometimes made about antiquity, and I know not what of ancestral reverence) permit me to say, in the language of the poet,

"Let ancient manners other men delight,
"But me the moderns please, as more polite."

THE FLORAL GAMES.

THESE were instituted in France in the year 1324, and filled the French poetry with allegorical images drawn from floral and botanical objects: and such as 'the flower of daisy,' &c. of Froissart.

They were founded by Clementina Isoure, countess of Toulouse, and annually celebrated in the month of May.

This lady published an edict, which assembled all the poets of France, to display their talents under the inspiring shade of artificial arbours, dressed with flowers; and he who produced the best poem, was rewarded with a violet of gold. There were also inferior prizes of flowers made in silver. In the mean time, the conquerors were crowned with natural chaplets of their own respective flowers; each one, it seems, choosing his titular flower, which acted as his guardian or inspiring saint in the sacred regions of Parnassus.

During the ceremony, degrees were also conferred. He who had won a prize three times, was created Docteur en gaye science; for so the poetry of the Provençal Troubadours was denominated. The instrument of creation was in verse.

This strange institution, however fantastic, in a short time became common through the whole kingdom of France.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF INDULGING THE PASSIONS.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF M. DE LA PALINIERE.

Translated from the French.

(Continued from page 371.)

IN these humours, I thought the angelic mildness of Julia hypocrisy; her gentle manner of speaking seemed affected, and drove me mad. The next moment I perhaps became sensible of my injustice, would silently own it was impossible for any person to love me, and fall into fits of despair; during which I would bitterly reproach myself for making the woman I adored miserable.

Then would I remember my Julia in all her charms, see her in all the splendour of her beauty, and all the mildness of her affection, and wonder at my own cruelty. I would recollect my passions and caprices, and the thought would sting me to the heart. I called myself barbarian, madman, detested myself, shed the scalding tears of repentance over my errors, determined to subdue them, imagine myself cured, and three days after be guilty of the same excess.

Unhappy in my mind, and still more so because my unhappiness was all my own fault, I endeavoured by dissipation to drown my sorrows. I formed new acquaintance, went more into fashionable life, seldom made small parties, but invited twenty or thirty friends once or twice a week to my house; kept boxes at all the theatres, and never during the winter, missed a masquerade, or a first representation. But in this vain research I found not the happiness that fled me, though I injured my health and deranged my fortune.

Sinclair did not fail to remonstrate concerning my new mode of life. You are become a gamester too, said he, and have given yourself up to the most fatal and inexcusable of all passions. Have you well considered what a person who plays deep must inevitably become,—that he must continually endeavour to enrich himself at the expence of his friends?

I cannot say I have made any deep reflection on the subject; I only know men may play deep, and yet preserve their honour.

Yes, by always losing. I do not say merely by ruining themselves, for that is the common destiny of the lucky and unlucky gamester; the only difference is, the fate of the one is a little longer in suspense than that of the other. Neither is your bare ruin sufficient; to preserve your character unsuspected, you must never win a considerable sum.

Do you suppose then a lucky gamester cannot be thought an honourable one?

He will be disputed the title at least. A crowd of enemies will rise up against him; a mother, in despair, will accuse him of having ruined the heir and hope of her family, and publicly call him a rascal, and no father will ever mention his name in his children's presence but with contempt. He will be pursued by hatred, overwhelmed by calumny, and condemned by reason and humanity? and who, amidst this universal outcry, shall dare to take his part? His friends? Can a gamester have friends? He, who every day, risks the ruin of those to whom he gives that sacred title?

What, Sinclair, have you never met a gamester worthy your esteem?

I have, I own; and yet had not experience convinced me of it, reason could never have conceived their existence. Men, who are occupied only by dreams of enriching themselves, think all delicacy the prejudice of education: it is very difficult for such persons to preserve noble sentiments; their probity is strictly reduced to not steal, and such kind of probity can never confer a desirable reputation. Such is the general opinion (admitting many exceptions) concerning a certain class called monied men, who yet use none but legitimate means and calculations, which often imply great genius, to get rapidly rich; and if such a prejudice exists against these men, what must be thought of gamesters? men who constantly seek happiness in the destruction of others? Those who dedicate their lives to the most tiresome, as well as disgraceful traffic, prompted by stupidity alone, sufficiently prove the desire of winning will induce them to make any sacrifice; and that such, who will submit to any meanness for sordid interest, think little of fame and emulation.

Well, let me counsel you in my turn, Sinclair, not to be so very intolerant to gamesters; it may breed you many enemies in the present age.

That fear shall never hinder me from speaking wholesome truths, said he, and so ended our dialogue.

Sinclair's reasoning made some impression on my mind, but led away by fashion, and example, I forgot his advice, and weakness and idleness continued me a gamester.

My propensity to play soon brought on many new connections; I visited all those which are called open houses, because at such I was sure to find a large assembly of gamesters.

One night, after supper at the ——— Ambassador's, I won three thousand guineas of a young man called the Marquis de Clainville. I was not acquainted with him, but his person and manners interested me in his behalf: I saw his despair at the loss of so considerable a sum, and as I was not yet gamester enough to remain insensible to every thing but money, I had a great desire he should win his guineas again: he saw my design, and through delicacy would play no more; but whispered me, with great emotion, I should be paid the next day. He quitted the company, and left an impression of anxiety on my mind, which was increased by the ill fortune that attended my play the rest of the evening; during which I lost two thousand guineas, and went home at six in the morning, fatigued, exhausted, and out of humour with myself and the way in which I had spent the evening.

I received the three thousand guineas I had won on the morrow, and four days after my uncle entered my room by times in the morning, telling me he was come to speak to me on a very important affair. We retired to an inner apartment, and I asked my uncle what were his demands?

You see me grieved to the soul, said he, and you are the cause.

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT—A TALE.

(Continued from page 371.)

“AS the wounded wolf, who cannot fly, snaps his teeth, and bites his own flesh---so did I---I tore the hair from my scalp, and knawed the nails from my hands, and yelled till I had no voice left. I looked toward the forest, and wished myself a thunder storm, that I might wrench its strong trees from the earth and blast its beauty. The sky blackened, the crooked lightning shone among the bursting clouds---and the winds howled over the lake---I clambered to the top of the highest rocks, and called to the heavy rains to beat me off---The tempest passed---and the last voice of the thunder groaned among the mountains---I ran into the woods, ‘I will let the wild beasts devour me,’ said I; but I terrified them with my fierceness, and even the hungry bear and the blood drinking panther fled affrighted from my presence; I rushed like a whirlwind from place to place, and before one moon had faded away, I had drank of the waters of the Niagara, and been drenched in the mists that hover over the Cohoes---I had eaten herbs upon the blue mountains of Takanoe, and had slept upon the Alleghanian ridges;---yet no peace came to my heart;---When I waked I was full of wrath, and when I slept I was overwhelmed with terror---At length one evening, weary with wandering, I reached the borders of lake Ontario---the moon rose broad and clear upon the water, and the winds that were going to their caves of rest, blew gently upon the little waves---I looked around me---there was no sound among the trees, nor any cloud in the sky; a few bright stars were sprinkled on it. ‘All is composed,’ said I, ‘all is tranquil that surrounds me, I alone am disquieted and distressed;’ and for the first time since the beginning of my troubles, the fountain of my tears was opened, and I wept freely---I sat down upon the soft green bank, a sweet sleep came upon me, and the Spirit of the Lake stood before me, ‘Ludono,’ said he, ‘make an end of complaining---thou hast no cause to murmur at what hath befallen thee---Thou wast froward, and thou hast been corrected; let reproof make thee wise---When thou wishedst for opulence, it floated around thee like the spray round the grey rocks of my lake, but thou wert ungrateful---Thou didst good to none but thyself---and lo! adversity is become thy companion---When thou returnedst from hunting, thou calledst to thy meal him whose fat salmon and tender venison corrupted for the want of being used, and thou didst forget the poor who had no food, and the hungry stranger who had none to comfort him---Thou gavest to him who had no need of thy gifts, and boughtest of him to whom thou shouldst have given---Thou wert healthy and didst not remember the sick: But when, in thine activity thou didst chace the swift buffaloe, thy heedless foot crushed the good herb that should have healed thy neighbour.

“It was for this that thou wast bereaved of the produce of thy land---It was to teach thee to feel for others :---but thou hardenedst thyself, beneath the stroke :---more followed, and thy proud breast rose against them. Hadst thou then been humbled by the first, a second had not succeeded---

“But arise even now and endeavour to answer the purpose for which thou wast born---Go, build thee a wigwam, and again cultivate thy fields---When thou seest the fainting traveller pass by, call him in, and let him partake of thy bounty; and when thou hearest the groans of the afflicted, haste to his dwelling, and anoint his wounds;---thus shall thy tribe bless thee, and Comfort take up her residence with thee.’

“When the red morning arose, I remembered the vision; and, hastening to my former possessions, obeyed the commands I had received---Many seasons have passed since then, and I have learned from my own experience, that the man of gratitude, fortitude, and usefulness, is the only happy man.”

“The good Indian closed his little tale, and the next day departed early, after promising to stay a night with me whenever he went to or returned from the mountain---At every visit he related to me some new observations which he had made on piety and the life of man---When I was gloomy, he would divert me from the subject on which I mused; and when my spirits were ruffled, he would soothe them with calm reasoning---A strict and tender friendship subsisted between us for many years, during which I felt all the composure that a situation like mine could admit of---One morning as he was departing, he said, taking me affectionately by the hands, ‘Brother, I believe I shall return to thee no more---My spirits waste, and my steps are slow and uncertain---I may possibly return at the shining of the next moon; but if I do not, thou mayest believe that I am sitting* in the dust.’---He came not again, and in him I have lost all that I considered as valuable upon earth---I miss his counsels greatly, and having none to converse with, I again relapse into my former sorrows---and did I know where his ashes rest, old and feeble as I am, I would seek the peaceful spot---not to disturb his quiet repose with moanings, but to heap a few stones upon his grave, and do homage to his memory.”

The regret which had swelled in the bosom of St. Herbert, as he finished his narrative, found a passage from his eyes, and he again wept audibly---Albudor accompanied him with his tears, which the old man at length perceiving, “It is enough, my son,” said he, “I respect your sensibility, but I fear I have already oppressed it too much---By the time-piece I perceive the night wears away fast, embrace then the few hours of rest that remain;” and with these words he conducted him to his chamber.

A N N A.

(To be continued.)

* Almost all the Indians bury their dead in that posture.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO MELPOMENUS.

New-York, May 26, 1796.

DEAR SIR,

STRANGE as it may seem, it is no more strange than true: there are many, who by endeavouring to promote themselves, debase themselves; and while they aim at shewing their parts to advantage, render themselves the most consummate rascals. Of these, none are more conspicuous than the young men of the present day; and those, in particular, who would wish to be thought great gallants. To these characters I shall therefore confine the following observations.

Nothing is more common, in our social circles, than to be entertained with a narration of the interview some one present has had with his mistress; whom he represents innocent and virtuous as an angel, and modest as a vestal: but whom, by various artifices, he has seduced to infamy and ruin. The circumstances of which, he relates with triumph, and looks around on his hearers for applause. But I would ask, on what account?—Is virtue only amiable in the fair sex?—Or is vice less odious in the male than in the female?—If not, what are his pretensions to commendation?—In fact, it is for that he has beguiled a frail daughter of Eve, whom it was his duty to protect from injury.—A notable conquest, truly!—The stronger vessel has been able to deceive the weaker: and by flattery and falsehood to draw her into the mutual commission of a crime, equally scandalous in him as in her! Equally, did I say?—Nay, infinitely more so: inasmuch as, not only, the seducer is worse than the seduced; but because he is possessed of sounder judgment, and therefore better able to discover the machinations of evil; and, of course, bound to warn her against the snares of vice, and not to lead her into them.

The abandoned wretch has not alone been guilty of a notorious offence himself; but, with great industry, deluded one of his fellow creatures, and made her his accomplice therein; and, to aggravate the matter still more, a person of singular modesty and virtue. And yet the dastard has the impudence to make his boasts of the villainy: and thinks himself fully authorized to take the most unlimited liberties, if he can, by any wiles of deceit, persuade a weak woman to stray from the path of chastity.

How strangely are things reversed!—He that was created the safeguard and protector of woman, is become her betrayer: and he that should be her bosom friend, her most dangerous enemy.

Simulare non est meum, said an old heathen; but our hero calls himself a christian, and deems it an honour to him to be thought an adept in the arts of dissimulation. However, whatever idea such an one may entertain of himself, Ethicus will ever esteem him the most despicable scoundrel.

Having now given the lash to the baser part of my own sex, I hope in my next epistle, to soften the severity of my pen to gentler accents by congratulating you, my dear sir, on your fortunate acquaintance with the beautiful JENETTA: and, perhaps, by way of response, shall do my-

self the honour to bestow a few encomiums on the amiable MARIA. Till then, I remain

Your most obliged correspondent,
ETHICUS.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE GENERAL WADE.

THE late marshal Wade had too great an itch for gaming, and frequented places of all kinds where play was going forward, without being very nice as to the company meeting there; at one of which places one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceeding valuable gold snuff box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch and passed it round, keeping the dice-box four or five mains before he was out, when recollecting somewhat of the circumstance, and not perceiving his snuff-box, he swore vehemently no man should stir till it was produced, and a general search should ensue. On his right sat a person dressed as an officer, though shabby, that now and then, with great humility, begged the honour to be permitted going a shilling with him, and had by that means picked up four or five; on him the suspicion fell, and it was proposed to search him first, who, desiring to be heard, declared, "I know the marshal well, yet he, nor all the powers on earth, shall subject me to a search, whilst I have life to oppose it. I declare, on the honour of a soldier, I know nothing of the snuff-box, and hope that will satisfy the man doubting: Follow me into the room, where I will defend that honour or perish!" The eyes of all were now turned upon the marshal for answer, who clapping his hand eagerly down for his sword, felt the snuff-box (supposed to have passed round, and clapped there from habit) in a secret side pocket of his breeches, made for that purpose. It is hardly to be conceived, the confusion that covered him on the occasion, that he had so slightly given way to suspicion; remorse, mixed with compassion and tenderness for the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly, that he could only say to him on leaving the room immediately, "Sir, I here with great reason ask your pardon, and hope to find it granted, from your breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me amongst your friends." It may be easily supposed the invitation was complied with; when, after some conversation, the marshal conjured him to say what could be the true reason that he should refuse being searched, "Why, marshal (returned the officer) being upon half pay, and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny: I had that day very little appetite, and as I could not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, were then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket, the thought of which being found there, appeared ten times more terrible than fighting the room round."

"Enough! my dear boy, you have said enough! your name! Let us dine at Sweet's to-morrow: we must prevent your being subjected again to such a dilemma." They met the next day, and the marshal presented him a captain's commission, with a purse of guineas to enable him to join his regiment.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*INA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.
Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 375.)

THE Count persuaded me to go with him to the place of execution. When we came into the fields we beheld at a distance the glare of innumerable torches, and a mournful solemn music vibrated in our ears. On coming nearer, we beheld a great number of people who had assembled to follow the funeral train, which was headed by the relations and friends of the innocent victim.

The Count and myself went with the funeral to the cathedral, where, on my entrance, I seated myself in a dark corner, in order to observe the ceremony more at leisure. The corpse was carried three times round the altar, amid the sound of trumpets and mournful dirges, and then left exposed in the cathedral till the following day.

A chilly awe, anxiety, and melancholy were the sensations which thrilled me alternately during that scene. My mind was affected in such a manner by this melancholy transaction, that it willingly caught and took hold of every idea which bore a resemblance to the object before my eyes. The lamentable fate of the Irishman was the first idea which formed itself upon my imagination, and at the same time recalled the recollection of my tutor and Amelia. My imagination represented these objects to me in the blackest hue, and filled my soul with doubts, apprehensions, and sorrow. It was late, and almost every person had retired, when I awoke from my reverie as if from a profound sleep. All objects around me were veiled in darkness, and solemn silence reigned in the church. I searched for the Count, but could find him no where, and hastened to the door. On my way thither, the faint glimmering of a dying lamp made me observe a man who was clad in black, and placed himself in the midst of the entrance. Stepping nearer, he retired a few paces to let me pass. When I looked round, I perceived that he followed me closely. Having left my servant at home, and the night being extremely dark, I grew apprehensive, and stopped in order to let him pass by; but he too checked his pace. I quickened my steps, and he did the same, and when I stopped again he followed my example. This appeared to me very singular and suspicious, and I addressed him to know the reason of his strange conduct, but he returned no answer. I accosted him a second time, when he approached me slowly, looking inquisitively at me, and exclaiming—"How are you, my Lord Duke?" "You are mistaken in the person!" I replied; his answer was: "I beg your pardon, I am not mistaken in the person of your Grace!" "Indeed you are, because I am no Duke." "Yes you are!" he replied with emphasis. I did not know what to think of the matter. I could not see his face, nor could I remember ever to have heard his voice. I still thought that he must have mistaken me for another person, resuming: "It is very strange that you pretend

"to know better than myself who I am."

"Strange, but not impossible! you are the Duke of Ca*ina."

"Not yet!" I replied, struck with astonishment—"but who are you?"

"A messenger from the Irishman."

Nothing could have surprised me in a more pleasing manner. I embraced him with rapture. "Then he is yet alive!" I exclaimed—"and where is he?"

"If you are at leisure to follow me, you shall hear his history."

"Tell it me instantly, I will follow you whithersoever you please."

"The Irishman," said the stranger as we were walking along, "was pronounced guilty of sorcery, and at first condemned to be burnt alive. However, his judges receiving several accounts concerning his person and power, which filled their hearts with fear and awe, decreed afterwards to have him executed privately, in order to avoid all needless noise. At the same time, I must not forget to tell you, that they had employed every means to secure his person, in such a manner that his escape seemed utterly impossible, having ordered him to be removed to a subterraneous dungeon where he was hung up in chains, and placed strong guards all around his impenetrable prison. Conceive therefore the astonishment and terror of the judges, when the executioner was dispatched to behead him in private, and returned with intelligence that he had found the prison empty."

"Wonderful!—and has it not been discovered by what means he has effected his escape?"

"Notwithstanding the most minute examinations having been made, none has been discovered, and in spite of the most careful searches and enquiries, no vestige of the prisoner has been traced out."

"But who unchained him from his fetters? how could he deceive the watchfulness of the guards? how could he find a way through impenetrable walls?"

"That I cannot tell you, suffice it that he has regained his liberty!"

"Then it is true, what Amelia's valet has told me, and what I could not believe; but where is he at present?"

"He is not far from hence."

"Not far? and why does he delay to shew himself to me? O lead me to him!"

"What do you desire of him?"

"What do I desire? I wish to know the fate of my tutor! or can you perhaps give me information of it?"

"What do you expect to hear?"

"Alas! that he is dead!"

"You shall see him."

"Beyond the grave?"

"You shall see and speak to him in this world; but at present, do not enquire further!"

"Your promise is sufficient. But Amelia?—what do you know of her?"

"It is very strange that you enquire so anxiously after these persons, and entirely forget the object that ought to be the most important to you!"

"The most important object?"

"Woe unto the man who is not told by his own heart, that this object is his country!"

"What can I do for my country?"

"The question is not what you *can*, but what you *will* do!"

"But how do you come to ask that question?"

"I have put this question to you, because you shall see neither the Irishman, nor your tutor, nor Amelia, if you don't give a deciding answer."

I remained silent.

"Perhaps you doubt the truth of this menace; however, it will certainly be carried into execution—as certain as Francisca has bled here innocently."

I looked around. We were arrived at the place of execution. Entirely taken up with our discourse, I had neglected to take notice of the way which the stranger had led me. His last words pierced my heart like a dagger.

"Upon my honour," said I, "it is my warmest, sincerest wish to serve my country; but consider the resentment of my father, the dangers which such a daring step would expose me to, the improbability of its success——"

The stranger seized me violently by the arm! "Ha! fickle inconstant young man," he exclaimed in a different accent, which I instantly knew to be that of the Irishman, "do you fulfil your promise thus?"

I was going to reply, but the words died on my lips. I trembled as if standing before a dreadful being of a superior order.

"Or have you forgotten," continued the Irishman, "that you have promised me to exert every power in the service of honour and your country which groans under the unlawful oppression of foreign despotism; while the lawful king, banished from the throne of his ancestors, languishes in inglorious obscurity?"

"The old king? should he really be alive?" I enquired in a timid whisper.

"If you will swear a solemn oath not to divulge the secret, you shall see him, and if the sight of the reverend hoary man, who is worn down by the burden of 108 years, does not make you strain every nerve to enforce his title to the crown, then you do not deserve to be a man."

"Name the place of his abode, that I may go and do homage to him. My life shall be a pledge of my secrecy."

"If you come to the foot of the Pyrenees, near Pampelona, enquire after the pious hermit, and when you come in his presence, you will behold the King!"

"Palesti," said I, with astonishment, "has told me lately of such an hermit——" "He is the same person. There I shall see your Grace again, and demand a categorical answer."

"You have styled me Duke of Ca*na; how am I to understand that?"

"You will know it shortly. Farewell!"

He was going to leave me, when suddenly the sight of the place of execution put me in mind of the fate of the unhappy innocent girl. "You have been here——" said I——"and yet Francisca died innocently?"

"The thread of her life has been cut asunder according to an eternal decree of fate; I could not prevent her execution; all that has been in my power was to save the honour of the hapless victim; and I have done her that last service; for it was I who awakened the dormant conscience of the villain who perpetrated the horrid deed, that he went himself to the judge, and discovered the guilty person."

So saying, the Irishman left me, and was instantly out of sight.

I hastened to the Count, who had been returned long before me, and was waiting for me with anxious apprehension. "The sight of the funeral," said he, "produced such a dreadful impression on my mind, that I could not remain at the cathedral; but where have you been all the time?"

"With the —— Irishman!"

A sudden redness flushed in the pale face of the Count when I pronounced these words; he measured me awhile with gazing looks, which seemed to enquire whether I was serious or jesting.

"Upon my honour, dear Count, I have seen the Irishman and conversed with him." So saying I related to him at large the incident.

"Then he has made good what he promised when he was taken up!" the Count exclaimed joyfully, when I had finished my account. The apparition of the Irishman was balsam to the bleeding wound which his heart had received by the death of Francisca.

Now I saw clearly what designs the *Unknown* had upon me, and still a secret inward voice continued whispering to me, not to suffer myself to be entangled in so dangerous an undertaking. However the Count dispelled my doubts. "What the Irishman," said he, "has performed as yet, is an indubitable proof that he is endowed with supernatural powers. His mental faculties, are as much superior to ours as his astonishing power. I think therefore it will be less dangerous to follow his guidance, than to oppose his will. Or do you fancy that the Irishman will engage in an undertaking, the success of which he has not calculated exactly? In such a head no plan can be engendered, which cannot be carried into execution. The mark at which he aims is undoubtedly always the best, and the means he employs to attain it are certainly the safest that can be devised. His wisdom is the greatest security to me, that he only will undertake what he can perform; and his power, that he will be able to execute successfully what he designs."

"But will his power also protect me against the resentment of my father, or his wisdom find means to conceal from him my undertaking?"

"Is the latter not probable to you? At least to me it is; for concealment is the channel through which the Irishman uses to act. Your actions too he will

"conduct through that channel, and render it impossible
 "they should come to the knowledge of your father."
 "If he can promise that, then I am determined."
 (to be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MIDNIGHT—A FRAGMENT.

—T WAS night, silent night, all nature was hushed in soft repose—No noise was heard save the doleful howlings of the dog—The watchman had called the solemn hour of twelve.—At this instant I descended from my apartment, for dearly do I love to walk by moon-light, and Cynthia shone forth with her accustomed lustre—For some time I surveyed this glorious orb, and unknowingly bent my steps to the church-yard—I was in a reverie, and knew not where I had trespassed, till the name of "*Jane*" met my eyes. It was engraven with great simplicity on the tomb-stone.

Ah! she was virtuous—she was all that could be admired; but the Angel of Death cut short her days, and laid her virtues blooming in the grave. She was one of the number that fell contagion swept away; and meekly she resigned herself to the cold embrace of death, assured of happiness eternal.

I was gazing at the stone absorbed in thought, when the boon that nature demands, (and who can resist it, surely none but those who never felt for others woe) gushed forth.—I raised my head, wiped the tears from my eyes, and by chance cast them on another grave—I shuddered—for I saw the name of "*Catharine*" carved on the slab that was placed at the head—What a contrast she to the one I had just been weeping over—a character directly opposite. Her breast never knew a tender sensation—No!—She made it a rule to *speak ill* of every one. No person she had the least knowledge of could escape her *aspersions*, till at last, Heaven, justly incensed at her conduct, placed her here—And as for her spirit, reader, mayest thou never behold it hereafter.

L. B.

FORTITUDE.

HE who courageously submits to his fate, and suffers without murmuring, is certainly a most respectable being; and it must be a mean and insensible mind that can refuse its pity to a man, who, obliged to endure, hardens himself in sorrow, and supports pain nobly. Such virtuous resignation should excite our admiration, and render sympathy more tender and active. Besides, it is very natural to shrink from beholding misery in others, which we ourselves could support without complaining. This is a sublime sensation, and common to all superior minds, of which we have daily a thousand proofs. For example: I can see myself bled, and hold the basin, and yet I am affected when I look at the lancet wounding the vein of another.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Saturday se'nnight, at New-Ark, Mr. JOEL POST, of this city, to Miss BETSY BROWN.

On Sunday se'nnight, by Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. BENJAMIN ROSS, to Mrs. MARY SKINNER, both of this city.

A few days ago, Mr. ALEXANDER McNEELY, aged 38, to the amiable Miss MARY CASSEDY, aged 13 years, both late of Killebegs in Ireland.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 22d to the 28th ult.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at					Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.	deg. 100	deg. 100		
JUNE 22	62	67	50	65	50	SW. S. do.	clear, do. do.
23	67	75	72	50	65	S. SW. S	clear cloudy do.
24	54	75	62		60	N. do. E.	lt. rn. at nt. clear, cl. clear
25	55		59		57	NE. do. do.	cloudy do. rain,
26	54		55	50	56	NE. do. do.	cloudy rain do.
27	57	75	64		59	NE. SE. do.	rain. clear do.
28	62		65		58	S. do. NW.	cloudy clear rain

ONE FOOL MAKES MANY.

MR. BULL,

Your last did a queer piece contain,
 Which some were puzzled to explain;
 Now here's another, let them see
 If they can read it right to me.

BOB.

AD ADOLESCENTULAM.

There he, That she; Requite me, I he,
 is only loves only me unto love only
 but am but are with you but are
 only I only you the say only you
 one, And one, And same, And one, And

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The following was handed a few days since, with a very particular request to give it a place in our Magazine: as we cannot well dispense with so urgent an importunity, it is here offered verbatim et literatim for the inspection of the public.

A DRESS TO MISS F*****Y

THE diamonds and the Rubies Bright
 disputes with me this lovely fight
 whose beauty's Queen Commands Such praise
 That I'm not able to Extol the face.

Her features glow with every grace divine
 Her colour's Sweet and just refine
 Just like the rose that speckes its praise
 whose modesty becomes her face.

Where smiles unbidden with out art
 Shows the soft imotions of the heart
 Where blushes speckes complexion gay
 Her person is a lovely may.

O thou Sweetest creatur Blest
 may I ever with the rest
 ever keep thee in my view
 till I bid this world a dieu

ADOLESCENS.

For the New-York Weekly Magazine.

THE RECANTATION.

BY love, too long depriv'd of rest,
 (Fell tyrant of the human breast!)
 His vassal long, and worn with pain,
 Indignant late I spurn'd the chain;
 In verse, in prose, I sung and swore
 No charm could e'er enslave me more,
 Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
 Again should force one tender sigh.
 As, taught by heav'n's informing power,
 From every fruit, and every flower,
 That nature opened to the view,
 The bee extracts the nectar-dew;
 A vagrant thus, and free to change,
 From fair to fair, I vow'd to range;
 And part from each without regret,
 As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,
 With freedom's praise the vallies rung;
 And every night and every day,
 My heart thus pour'd th'enraptured lay:
 "My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,
 "My breast regains its wonted peace,
 "And joy and hope, returning prove
 "That reason is too strong for love."

Such was my boast—but Ah! how vain!
 How short was reason's vaunted reign!
 The firm resolve I form'd ere while,
 How weak oppos'd to Clara's smile!
 Chang'd is the strain, the vallies round
 With freedom's praise no more resound.
 But ev'ry night, and every day
 My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

Offended deity, whose power,
 My rebel tongue but now forswore;
 Accept my penitence sincere,
 My crime forgive, and grant my prayer!
 Let not thy slave, condemn'd to mourn,
 With unrequited passion burn;
 With love's soft thoughts her breast inspire,
 And kindle there an equal fire.

It is not beauty's gaudy flower,
 (The empty triumph of an hour,)
 Nor practised wiles of female art,
 That now subdue my destin'd heart;
 O no! 'tis heaven, whose wond'rous hand
 A transcript of itself hath plann'd,
 And to each outward grace hath join'd
 Each lovelier feature of the mind.

These charms shall last, when others fly,
 When roses fade, and lilies die;
 When that dear eye's declining beam
 Its living fire no more shall stream:
 Blest then, and happy in my chain,
 The song of freedom flows in vain;
 Nor reason's harsh reproof I fear,
 For reason's self is passion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,
 My daily thoughts, my nightly dream,
 If yet no youth's successful art,
 (Sweet hope!) hath touched the gentle heart;

If yet no swain hath blessed thy choice,
 Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice;
 From doubts, from fears, his bosom free,
 And bid him live, for love and thee.

For the New-York Weekly Magazine.

ON MINIATURE PAINTING.

OH matchless art, by friendship first design'd,
 To wear the looks of those we value most,
 Reflect the image which the grateful mind
 Holds dearest when the real form is lost.

How pleasing is the picture of a friend
 Whom fate has destin'd to some distant shore,
 Or dear relation, whose lamented end
 Forbids mortality to see him more.

Or if a father or a mother die,
 And leave the likeness of their features here,
 What pleasing anguish when the flowing eye
 Of their fond offspring scarce contains the tear.
 That tear indulg'd would soil the spotless glass,
 And shew the image multiplied and faint,
 What keen reflections o'er the bosom pass
 On recollection of despis'd restraint.

Those checks we find from love and duty sprung,
 Tho' then we thought them harsh and hard to bear,
 And every word that hung upon their tongue
 Is cherish'd with the most religious care.

A parent's picture to th'entender'd heart
 Brings all their valu'd precepts to our aid,
 Forbids our acting vice or folly's part
 Thro' love and reverence to their honour'd shade.

New-York, May 26, 1796.

RELIANCE ON PROVIDENCE.

BE calm my soul, no more lament
 At fortune's adverse gale;
 Can sighs or tears restore content,
 Can grief o'er ill prevail?

When heaven this mass of earth deforms,
 And clouds obscure the skies,
 The fix'd foundation braves the storm,
 Its boisterous rage defies.

By faith so fix'd the virtuous mind,
 Of sacred stores possess'd,
 Misfortunes hurt not, calm, resign'd,
 Hope cheers the patient breast.

By hope inspir'd, still may I view,
 Each joyless day retire,
 May fortune's frowns my pride subdue,
 And damp each warm desire.

So shall I in affliction's school,
 With care each lesson gain,
 Instructed, learn each painful rule,
 Each precept sound retain.

Then shall no guilty impious deed
 My innocence destroy,
 But wisdom teach, and virtue lead
 To happiness and joy.